HERE OUR OPIUM COMES FROM. Chipa Sends None of It, but B Come, from British India Through Hong Kong.

San Francisco Chronicle. H. Ballou Morse, for sixteen years an im-portant official in the Chinese customs servroute, with his wife, to his former home in

route, with his wife, to his former home in Boston. Seven years ago he returned to this country on a brief visit, the present trip therefore being the second return to his native land in sixteen years.

Mr. Morse was seen at a down-town hotel last evening by a Chronicle reporter, and gave some interesting facts regarding the Chinese customs service, and more especially the traffic in opium. Among other things he said:

"There is absolutely no oning sent to

There is absolutely no opium sent to America from China. It all comes here from Hong Kong. which, under English rule, is a free port of entry. The Chinese laws against opium smuggling are even more stringent than those of the United States. The opium imported into China from Hong Kong is charged a duty of \$1.10 a pound. The native opium product of China is difficult to estimate. We have been trying to solve the problem for twenty years. There is imported into China, however, each year from India, mostly from Ceylon and Bombay, upward of 10,000,000 pounds of opium. At least 1,000,000 pounds additional are imported from Persia, although the drug produced in that country is of an inferior quality. This is all raw opium, the boiling of the drug being done almost entirely in Hong Kong. Three years age China made a convention with Great age China made a convention with Great Britain, and the blockade of Hong Kong, so called, was removed. Since that time we have been enabled to discover just what quantities of opium are imported into Chinese ports, either from or through the port of Hong Kong.

"The Chinese customs service is the best organized in the world. It is like an army, organized in the world. It is like an army, and is under the charge and direction of Sir Robert Hart, of England, who has occupied the position of inspector-general of Chinese customs for twenty-seven years. He is a most remarkable man, and has made the service what it is to-day. Our chief wields the power of an autocrat, and very justly. In the service under him are two hundred men in the administrative department. Six hundred in the preventive or search department, and 2,500 in the clerical and labor department. The last named are nearly all Chinese, and include clerks, skilled mechanics, laborers, boatmen and servants. My work has really been that of a deputy collector of customs. I have been stationed all along the Chinese coast, and ned all along the Uninese coast, and during the past year was located at the port of Pakhoi."

"What is the average consumption of opium by the individual Chinese? This is a matter. Mr. Morse, that has long been a subject of discussion in San Francisco, especially among the officials at the custom house?" "Well, after sixteen years at the busi-ness. I think I am capable of making a pretty good guess. In China the women and children smoke tobacco; only the men

use opium. The average Chinese will smoke one ounce of boiled opium each "Is the consumption on the increase?" "We have no means of determining that question as it applies to the native product. The consumption of opium imported from Persia and India, of which I said about 10,-600,000 ounces comes to China each year, is certainly decreasing. We ascertain this very readily from the records of the customs service. We cannot get at the figures on native-grown opium. It only pays nominal taxes, and there are no statistics on the subject. Some months ago the Chronicle published an article telling how \$50,000 worth of opium had been smuggled into San Francisco on an Australian steamer. can readily understand that large quan-

from Ceylon and some from Hong Kong." "What are the methods of the Hong Kong smugglers in getting opium into Chinese "The sningglers have a thousand ways. The most common, however, is to put up the drag in tins and throw the boxes overboard in the river before reaching the port. The packages are securely lashed to sinkers. and anchored to floating rafts of bamboo. Men employed by the smugglers for that purpose then find the bamboo buoys and convey the smuggled drug to shore. The opium-snugglers in Hong Kong are rich and powerful. They are in large bands, and under the most perfect organization. If a special search is to be made by the Chinese

customs officers, their servants are pretty sure to give the alarm to the smugglers. If the drug is smuggled inland over the mount-ains, armed bands are employed at a great cost. We have the regular Chinese troops to assist us in our customs work, and lively fights between the troops and smugglers are constantly occurring. Just before I left on the Rio one of our troop was killed by a smuggler."

"How about opium in Japan?"

"There is absolutely no opium in the Japanese empire. In Japan the drug is made contraband by treaty, and it is not allowed in the country at all. The opium trade is confined almost wholly to India. Persia and China, in addition to what is carried on here. The regular imported opinm brought to China from India is divided into two parts. One-half of the importa-tion is landed at Hong Kong and then distributed through southern China. The other half enters the port of Shanghai and is sent through northern China. The opinin boilers at Hong Kong supply the American market. The English city of flong Kong, with its open doors and go-asyon-please methods, is to blame for the opium smuggling in America. China sends no opium to this country. Not until England corrects the abuse at Hong Kong will the smuggling be abolished here."

POLITICAL "WALKING DELEGATES."

They Will Disseminate Democratic Misinformation Through the Rural Districts. Washington Letter in Philadelphia Press.

It is altogether a new plan of activity upon which the Democratic managers have entered. It is one that will cost a lot of noney and enlist an army of men. It is, in brief, to carry into detailed effect what Mr. Brice, who so distinguished himself in 1888 as a chaser after rainbows, cheerfully described as a "campaign of education." Republicans laughed at this phrase then; they have laughed at it since; but Chairman Quay, Colonel Clarkson and others of the Republican leaders have become painfully conscious that it will not do to laugh at it any longer. Mr. Brice's "campaign of edneation" is no longer in idle jest, or a rain-bow-hued dream. He has gone to work at t in serious earnest, and the discovery of his methods is one of the main causes of the meeting next Wednesday of the blican executive committee

"Campaign of education" is Mr. Brice's name for his scheme. That is a phrase misleading as are all the details of his plan. "Campaign of misinformation" is a more proper term for the methods which Chairman Quay has called his fellow-chieftains about him to combat. In every doubtful State of the Union the Democrats have now at work agents who are known as "walking delegates." Sometimes these "walking delgates" represent trade organizations which have been formed in the interest of the Democratic party. Sometimes they represent nothing but their political employers. They have no certain origin and no uniform credentials. These proselyting agents have, however, one uniform purpose, to arouse discontent among the population with their condition. They travel from farm to farm. Sometimes they distribute literature; more often, however, they are merely hired for their skill as conversationalists. These men have been carefully selected for their ability to out-talk book canvassers and lightning-rod agents. Their subject is always the poverty of the farmer, the poor returns of agri-culture and the hardships of life in the country as contrasted with the splendors of existence in the palaces of the cities. Wherever they find a farmer in the havfield, in the barn or at his dinner they manage to introduce themselves to him and to foment that discontent which is common to every calling in life which demands effort to secure a livelihood.

Having aroused this feeling, these walking delegates are instructed to tell the farmer that all his troubles and tribulations are caused by the supremacy of the Republican party. That party is pictured to the farmer as the friend and ally of corporations, "combines" and trusts. These delegates" surport their arguments with alleged facts and figures which are distorted to suit their purpose. Therein lies the cunning and the greatest danger of the Democracy's preliminary campaign. No one is present to show the falsehoods that these delegates utter, and no one is at hand to show the simple-minded farmer that they are making figures lie. Where er possible and whenever they have suffice the himse ability, these Democratic agents address himself.

meetings of grangers or "rural literar, societies," and whenever they can they are
encouraging the formation of branches of sellin' it.

the "Farmers' Alliance" under conditions

the "Farmers' Alliance" under conditions which threaten to weld that professedly non-political organization to the Democratic party in Northern States.

All this work has been steadily carried on for nearly a year, and the Democratic managers expect greatly to enlarge its scope during the coming summer. How to meet and counteract this insidious plan of campaign will be one of the chief questions discussed by the Republican executive committee next Wednesday. This plan of campaign of the Democrats here outlined must be of necessity a terribly expensive one. But it is understood that there is no lack of money. It is stated that a large subscription for carrying on this work in the interior counties of Pennsylvania has been made by ex-Congressman Scott, who has been dubbed by editor Dana the "Chieftain of Starvation Valley."

SOCIAL LIFE IN BULGARIA. Primitive Style of Living with Hardly Any of the Modern Comforts.

English Illustrated Magazine. The dwelling-houses of the better class never rise beyond two stories; the greater number have only a ground floor, with a kind of basement story below. Almost all of them are built on the same plan. The house stands in a small garden or court-yard, in the center of which is a fountain. Here the ablutions of the family are performed; this at least is my cociecture as the name this, at least, is my conjecture, as the usual utensils for washing are not generally to be found in the house. In one mansion there was a kind of trough provided with a piece of soap in the entrance hall; the luxury of washing in private is not attainable as a rule, and the "tub" or hip bath is absolutely unknown. When the guest announces his wish to wash his hands a female servant approaches with a diminutive jug and basin, or rather bowl; he holds out his hands while she pours the water upon them hands while she pours the water upon them in tiny driblets; in a moment she presents him with a towel, and the function is at an end. The indifference of Eastern Christians to the merits of water and soap seems

but as a rule the only way of closing the house is by locking the very unsubstantial doors of the various rooms. The bars, bolts, chains, massive locks and other apparatus of obstruction which fortify the English hall door would appear superfluous to the simple-minded Bulgarian. The principal sitting-room, which, however, appears to be seldom used by the family, generally resembles the lantern of a lighthouse, an omnibus, or a railway signal box, inasmuch as it is surrounded on two or more sides by contiguous windows; in sum-mer it is unbearably hot, in winter un-bearably cold. A divan runs round the wall, covered with Bulgarian rugs of brilliant coloring; sometimes there is a handsome Pirot carpet on the floor, the bare boards of which are always apparent. In the bedrooms, which are unfurnished with any species of crockery, there is usually a piece of gorgeous tapestry hung on the wall by the side of the bed; one contem-plates it with pleasure before rising in the morning. The bed itself, strewn with a rich coverlet of quilted silk, offers a pleas-ing prospect of repose, which, alas, is often dissipated by the attentions of innumer-able bed-fellows. How these houses, with their countless windows, thin walls, draughty rooms and entrance halls open to the weather, resist the fierce cold of a Bulgarian winter is more than I am able to ex-

PENSIONS FOR VETERANS.

Residents of Indiana and Illinois Whose Claims Have Been Allowed. Pensions have been granted the following-

named Indianians: Original Invalid-Thos. French, Greensville; John B. Lane, Peru; Peter Steepleton, Hillsdale; Commodore F. Jackson, Bringhurst; Wm. H. Spinning, Wallace; Wm. Baxter, Lafayette; Newton F. Knight, Hazleton, Henry Ingle, Sherman; Isaac Settles, Urmeyville; Jacob Shofstall, Paxton; Wm. H. Stephenson, Wabash; Elijah Stevens, Muncie; Lemuel Stokes, Spartanburg; Jas. Quarterman, Orleans; James K. Gray, Delphi; Harvey Noe, Robinson; Stephen Jones, Quercus Grove; George McNabb, Kech's Church; J. Beard Bristow

Restoration—Jas. Hudson, Cincinnati, Increase—Allison Fancher, Fairmount; John Henderson, Columbus; Thomas J. Hancock, Tip-ton; David Little, Sevastopol; Thos. Phipps, Attica; Nicholas Kranch, jr., Clay City; Frederick Sweizer, Crawfordville; John C. Freese, Edin-burg; James R. Dalton, Salem; Wilford J. Hog-gatt, Paoli; Geo. W. Lloyd, Lowell; Thos. M. Rash, Willow Branch; John Bloomfelter, English: Rash, Willow Branch; John Bloomfeiter, English:
Hiram H. Weeker, Crown Point; Wm. Ulrich,
Spencer; Luke H. Colvin, Rosewood; J. Asbury,
Terre Haute; Anthony A. Eskew, Logansport;
Wm. S. Wood, Bluffton; Chas. Bloss, Crawfordsville; Jacob Barrow, Windfall; Emanuel Wyer,
Marion; John N. Fuel, Hartsville.

Reissue—Lafayette Ketcham, Marengo; Frederick Allen, Richmond; Isaac N. Shrode, Chrisney, Thomas A. Parrish, Leipsie; Henry Bickel,
Brockville; David Addington, Booneville; Sylvester Cleman, Arthurs; Joseph G. Morehead, Glen
Hall; William A. Martin, Covington.

Reissue and Increase—Presley G. Grary, Warsard.

Original Widows, etc.—Catherine Morris, mother of James A. Richards, West Fork; Mary of James H. Kelly. Ellsworth and Petersburg; minor of Barvey Noe, Oakland City: Amanda J., widow of Sevall C. Wheeler, Muncie; Mary L., widow of David S. Latta, Hemlock; P. Laura, widow of Jesse Endicott, New Harmony; Violet Harmon, former widow of James H. Jalley, Ellsworth; minors of Joseph A. Marks, Stomer and

TO RESIDENTS OF ILLINOIS. Original-William R. Monroe, Cave in Rock; Joseph M. Eddy, Athens; Patrick Comfort, Streator; Andrew R. Graves, Gressville; John D. Chapman, Payson; John W. Grammar, Carbondale; Stephen Kirby, Golconda; William Loftrich, Elkhart; James N. Ull. Springerton; William K. Taylor, London Mills; James E.

Increase—Daniel Ellington, Waynesville; H. Inman, Penfield; Wm. H. H. Baker, Freeport; Geo. W. McLaughlin, Neoga; John W. Vaughn, Burnt Prairie; George W. Bailey, Gilman; Thomas Brown, Quincy (Soldiers' Home); Alfred Mont-Marshall; C. C. Martin, Shawneetown; William C. Hiddleson, Cabery; Clark M. Dawson, Henry; John Kraus, Bloomington; Thomas W. Harris, Paris; Robert P. Wilson, West Liberty; Alex Furlow (deceased), Christopher; Robert Fertig, Bement; Thomas B. Marsh, Dahlgren.
Reissue—Edward Breedon, Allen Springs; J. H.
Thomas, Fairfield; James Lester, Calhoun; Wm. Réissue and Increase-John Ferguson, Hutson-

Original Widows, etc.-Rina A., widowof Alex. Furlow, Christopher, Rebecca E., widow of Thomas M. McNary, Clark Center, Mary M., widow of Louis E. Campbell, Flora; minors of Thomas C. Elliott, Benton; Mary J. Hush, former widow of Wm. Spratt, Pocahontas; Jane, widow of Z. Carter, Bismarck; Mary E. Denny, former widow of Jesse R. Glenn, Scrento. Widows Arrears - Margarett E. Capp, former widow of Thomas C. Elliott, Benton.

IT WASN'T IN VAIN.

The Roller-Skating Craze Made Its Devotee

"The roller-skating rinks were condemned on all sides," said a dealer in sporting goods yesterday, "but they were mighty useful in the cultivation of graceful carriage. The movement on ice-skating is entirely differ-ent from that of roller-skating. In the former case the skater must adopt a side movement or take a tumble. On rollers there is a tumble when the movement is not straight forward, as in walking. Go on any of our crowded thoroughtares and notice the peculiar motion of the majority of the pedestrians. You will see that there is a decided tendency toward a side motion. Now, a person who practices on rollerskates is compelled to send his feet straight forward and at the same time assume an erect carriage. As a natural result of this practice, the skater carries this straight forward movement to the street or drawing-room when off the rollers. This soldierly acquirement is desirable for everybody who cares to hold his own with the graceful people of the sphere in which he moves. For that reason alone I claim the skatingrink was a great institution. Those who now wish to possess a graceful motion in public have to avail themselves of the resources of a military school, or a dancing rink, which was both instructive and pleasing at the same time."

A Fair Compromise.

Canvasser (who has oozed in)-I have here, sir, a copy of Professor Bulliger's work on pan-theology. His Victim-Sir! I am Professor Bulliger

How They Paint and Powder and Otherwise "Make Up"-Testimony of a Native Critic.

Few English women retain their personal charms as they grow old; many American women not only retain them but permit nature to increase them. What the English woman lacks, and what nature will not do for her, she seeks to possess by the aid of art. And she does not wait until she has passed the heydey of youth before she enlists the offices of brush and pigment, powder and rogue. It is the fashion, or, at any rate, the practice, for London women to powder and rogue. It is the fashion, or, at any rate, the practice, for London women to paint and powder from their necks to the very summits of their foreheads. At the dance and the dinner, at the concert and the play, nine-tenths of the women are "made up," as if they were about to go in front of the foot-lights, or as if they had just come from the glaring stage without taking the precaution to wash their faces before presenting themselves to their friends. They paint by day, and they paint by night. You see them in the park, frizzed and colored to the last degree. In America we would say these women were burlesque and colored to the last degree. In America we would say these women were burlesque actresses who had somehow strayed from the green-room; or we might apply to them some less kindly description. At any rate, we should call them "fast." But the Lordoner knows that these painted ladies are respectable British matrons, persons of "quality," and sweet debutantes of the

Season.

Of course some worthy citizen, or equally worthy subject, will immediately proclaim the falsity of the foregoing paragraph. When he has ceased his clamor I will call upon the lady who writes the "Boudoir Gossip" for that admirable weekly, the Ladies' Pictorial, and we will hear what she has to say in the matter. As it is the business of this fair scrivener to indite each week two pages of diverting remark upon the royal family, the nobility and gentry, and the fashions of the hour, and as her notes appear each Saturday in the widely-circulated London journal of which I have already given the name, it is fair to asume that she will make a credible witness.

"Miranda," says in a recent number of her journal—for the benefit of the skeptics the date March 1, 1890, is here put forth "Miranda" says: "I wish some man in society whose name carries weight would take up the delicate matter of 'making up.' I confess it is painful to me when I go to an 'at home,' a dance or reception to see the numbers of women who appear with dyed hair, painted faces and made-up eyes. And it is not always women who are past their it is not always women who are past their first youth who have recourse to this baneful and hideous custom. I see girls who ought to rejoice in their youth and freshness just as a young man rejoices in his strength, with paint and powder laid on in the most clumsy fashion and piled up hair of two colors. Now, who is to bear the blame of this degradation of our sex? The word is a strong one, but I use it deliberately. I am inclined to lay the blame on men. Either they do not care to speak out boldly if they disapprove, or they take a secret and malign pleasure in seeing women make fools of themselves by a public display of their vanity and weakness. There are in society men so popular and so sought after by women that one word of condemnation from them would, I believe, make a clean sweep of all the paint-pots and other abominations of the kind from a hundred toilet tables. But men seem to delight in looking unutterable things into made-up eyes, in ignoring the showers of powder that fall upon their shoulders in the dance, and in paying compliments to the complex-ion which they know only to well will not

Thus "Miranda." Does she not draw a very dismal picture? But it is not overdrawn. "Miranda," however, states the case even more strongly than I had done. She brings the men into the muddle, and the figures they cut are quite as sorry as those of the women. But have not the London women come to a pretty pass when they rely upon "popular men" to admonish them of their folly? Yet to "Miranda's" testimony I will append this: It is an event worthy of note and praise when one sees in "good society" here in London an un-painted female face, and a neat, orderly dressing of female hair that belongs to the wearer and has not been purchased at the perruquier's. When you see such a clean face and such a neat head-dress you may surely conclude that it belongs to an American woman, if it is not the property of an English girl who has attained to a wisdom greater than that enjoyed by nine-tenths of

her co-patriots. SOUTH CAROLINA MOB LAW.

Hopeless View of a Charleston Paper-The Lexington Outrage Absolutely Indefensible. Charleston News and Courier. The lynching at Lexington assumes a

darker hue at every turn. It was absolutely without excuse or justification. It cannot be defended upon any ground of necessity, or expediency, or right. There is not a ray of light upon the whole sickening tragedy.

The affidavits and statements submitted

to Judge Wallace, upon whose recommendation Governor Richardson granted a respite to the condemned man, serve to in-tensify the hideous character of the butchery which was committed by the mob on Monday night, for the protection of "our wives and daughters." These affidavits and statements were published in the News and Courier yesterday. They show, in brief, that no outrage was committed the mob murdered a man who was certainly not guilty of any capital offense, and who was, in all probability, not concerned in the assault which was alleged to have been committed. Miss Cannon herself testifies that no such assault was committed, and that she had never seen and did not know the "strange negro from Columbia" who went to Simeon Corley's house on the night of Jan. 28, for the purpose of getting something to est and some money. There was no evidence to connect Willie Leapheart with the attempted robbery. and all the facts go to show that the mob in Lexington murdered him for an imagipary crime. The developments in this case constitute a most appalling commentary upon the blindness and lawlessness of lynch law. A horrible mistake has been made and the life of an innocent man has been taken to gratify the brutal passions of an irresponsible and unthinking mob. All this were bad enough, but the whole of the story has not been told. At the in-

quest of the body of Leaphart on Tuesday the coroner's jury returned a verdict that he "came to his death by gunshot wounds inflicted by unknown parties." The sheriff swore that F. C. Caughman announced on the streets that he had "had the negro ynched;" that the sheriff had identified A Marks, "standing outside the jail with fifty or seventy-five men;" that Pierce Taylor said he had been in the jail on the night of the lynching, and that he had seen Jim Ogleby rend the paper, which was afterwards posted, declaring that Governor Richardson and Judge Wallace were responsible for lynch law in Lexington, and that "our wives and daughters must be protected at all hazards." The sheriff's wife swore that she recognized among the lynchers F. C. Caughman, A. Marks and Pierce Taylor by their voices. Coroner P. S. Corley testified that Pierce Taylor and Tom Seay had said that they were in the jail on the night of the lynching. In spite, however, of all this evidence—the positive statement of Caughman that he "had had the negro lynched" and the statements of Taylor and Seay that they had been in the jail on the night of the lynching-the coroner's jury, after deiberating for ten minutes, returned a verdiet that Leaphart had been killed by persons unknown to the jury! Surely there was never so shameful a travesty upon

ustice, so outrageous a defiance of the duty which good citizens owe to the State. We do not wonder that "the verdict was a surprise and disappointment" to Solicitor Nelson, who directed the investigation of the crime. It will be a surprise and disappointment if the solicitor de not exhaust all the means within his power to bring the perpetrators of this inhuman deed to justice. It will be a surprise and disappointment if the law-abiding people of Lexington do not take the necessary steps to wipe out the foul stain which has been placed upon their honor and civilization. We shall despair of the State if such a crime is suffered to go unwhipped of justice.

Curiosities of the Grand Canyon.

New York Tribune. This Colorado desert, with its turbid river emerging from its wonderful canyon. which some Denver capitalists propose to desecrate with a railroad, is full of strange things and possesses some peculiar properties. The Colorado river is universally by York Evening Post. "desert men" said never to give up its dead; to be engulfed in it means instant death and disappearance, say these grizzled.

dried old teamsters and prospectors, to whom the desert seems to have a neverwaning fascination. Sound is given grotesque and puzzling properties, which are

described as follows by Mr. R. Weyns, a resident of Ballena, a San Diego county settlement, now the desert border. Mr.

Weyns has thoroughly explored this strange land, and knows whereof he speaks: "The variations of sound, as heard on the Colorado river, is amazing. The vibra-Colorado river, is amazing. The vibration of one's voice at certain places along the river will strike the speaker with awe and reverence; in others the effect is reversed, causing the listener to his own words to roll on the ground in merriment. As examples of sound as heard along the river, I give the following: The morning train crossing the river at the Needles on the Atlantic & Pacific road is distinctly heard at Fort Mojorve, which is thirty miles away by water and twenty-four miles by land, the morning gun at Fort Mojorve can be distinctly heard at Cotton-wood island, which is thirty-five miles away by land and sixty miles by water; wood chopping at Cottonwood island is heard at Eldorado canyon, twenty-four miles away; blasting at Eldorado Canyon mines is heard easily at Colville, a Mormon settlement, ninety miles away by water and forty-five miles away by water stein's Ferry, nine miles away. Ordinary sounds in the deepest path of the canyon can be heard easily at the Wash, eighteen miles away. At that point I have often stood and gazed at the stars in broad daylight, and I may have been guilty of making some of those scrawls which Professor Powell records as having been made thousands of years before our Savior's hirth." Powell records as having been made thou-sands of years before our Savior's birth."

QUEEN ISABELLA. How a Dissolute Ruler Charmed the Proud

and Haughty Castillans.

It is difficult to understand why the Spaniards, proud, sensitive people, should have submitted so long to a ruler whom they could not respect. Her good natured, happy-go-lucky nature seemed to cast a charm over them; they could follow so easily all the workings of her mind, whether, with childish petulancy, she was reproaching her Ministers with betraying her or confessing with remorse she had wronged them.

wronged them.

If her sins were open, so was her repentance. Year by year, when holy week came round, this woman who, for the other fifty-one weeks, had been outraging every law, human and divine, kneeled in church for the hour together, and, with loud sobs and groans, proclaimed her sorrow for the past, her resolution to make atonement for the future. Her subjects, seeing her sorhe future. Her subjects, seeing her sorrow, sorrowed, too, and when Easter day arrived were as convinced as she was that a new era of her life was at hand.

The Maundy Thursday ceremony never failed to win for her hearty adherents. She washed the feet of the beggars with such manifest zeal; spoke to them such kindly, loving words; served them food as if she thought it a privilege to do so, and, at the close of the feast, cleared the table with a dexterity that showed her heart was in her work. Her splendid robes-she always wore full court dress upon these occasions -seemed to enhance the touching humility of her attitude, and, although the free-thinking part of the community scoffed at what they called the Popish mummery of the whole affair, that was not the feeling with which the bulk of the population regarded it.

One year, while she was serving at the table, a diamond fell from her head dress table, a diamond fell from her head dress on to the plate of one of the beggars. A dozen hands were stretched out, to restore the jewel, but the Queen motioned to the man to keep it, remarking simply: "It has fallen to him by lot." Her generosity was unbounded; it is not in her nature to say "no" to a beggar, while the one point upon which she made a firm stand against her Ministers was in insisting upon her right to exercise mercy, and the hardest struggle she ever had with them was apropos of a pardon granted at the request of Ristori.

MRS. BURNETT'S "PHYLLIS." A Dramatic Author Who Refused Royalties for a Play That Failed. Boston Home Journal.

When "Phyllis" was damned with faint praise out of courtesy to the authoress, who had had successes, it was thought that the whole story was told. Not so. The

best of the story was a secret.

When "Phyllis" was written the manager to whom it was submitted saw at once that there was no draft in it. It was, however, difficult to say to the most successful woman writer in this country, both in a financial and popular sense, "Your play is a failure." The manager was more clever than that. He distributed the parts. He called rehearsal and invited the authoress to oversee it. She came; she sat it out; she saw the truth at once. With a shake of her short blonde hair she said to the manager, "That won't go, will it?" and the manager courteously said, "No, Mrs. Burnett, not as it is."

She took it away; she worked on it, and again it was submitted to the manager. It was yet encouraging. In the meantime Mr. Field, who had secured the Boston rights, was prepared to put it on on the strength of the success of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." although it began to seem unlikely that New York would see it. He rehearsed it. The little actress to play Phyllis thought that she was going to make the hit of her life; the juvenile thought that she had the fattest part on record. And yet the play failed. Looked at superficially, it would appear as if Mrs. Burnett was determined to have the play produced and as if she to have the play produced, and as if she possibly thought more of it than the man-

gers did. This was not so. When the manager of the Museum was prepared to send Mrs. Burnett her royalties for the production, he was amazed at having them refused. The authoress peremptorily declined to take any money, as the play was a failure, and she did not feel as if, considering that it had been produced in Boston without any New York trial, and given every opportunity to succeed, and had been the one failure of the season, she was entitled to anything. I think that this is the first time on record

that an author has ever refused to accept royalties, and that, therefore, it deserves to be recorded.

THE AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY. Savage and Warlike Women Who Are Giv-

ing the French So Much Trouble in Africa. The Amazonian warriors of the dusky King of Dahomey are not to be sneezed at Their young heathen of a sovereign, bent on desperate war with France, has pushed hostilities into the French protectorate of Porto Novo, on the Gulf of Benin, with unexpected success, the latest official dispatches confirming the earlier reports of the French reverses. That the natives is evident from the fact that it has been carried, with much courage, to the slave coast, north of which Europeans hitherto have penetrated but seld m with permanent success. As a scrimman with a savage king, who is regarded by his pagan subjects as a deity, this episode of the day has comparatively little importance, except as it may affect the slave trade; but the character of the native soldiery and their bravery, shown in defeating the French, invest it with a rare quality of the picturesque. The King of Dahomey has an army of about 15,000, although his losses thus far have been at least 2,000. Of these more than one-half are women, whose prowess, ferocity, ruthless cruelty and muscular de-velopment have been made the theme of many an explorer's tale. The males as fighters are comparatively feeble and worthless, their best efforts being spent in hunting and fishing, and consequently, even the king's body-guard is composed entirely of women. This troop numbers be-tween 3,000 and 4,000, and its members find death the penalty of a violation of their chastity. Their uniform consists of a tunic reaching to the waist and a gray skirt hanging to the knee. Many are armed with rifles, which they use with considerable effect, although one traveler, who admits their fearlessness, has nothing complimentary to say about their marksmanship. Burton, however, states that their use of modern fire-arms is excellent. That the amazons are doing the bulk of the fighting just now is evident from the fact that the French decapitated five of them in retaliation for the slaughter of comrades who were prisoners of the Dahomians. A Straight Guess.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In a guessing contest as to which is the most pharisaical and hypocritical newspa-

Beautiful Fruit.

Boston Transcript If beauty be but skin deep, some of the bouncing oranges one buys newadays must be eminently beautiful, seeing that they BLOODTHIRSTY BATS.

An American Traveler's Almost Fatal Experience with Mexican Vampires.

It was in the early part of June, 1889, I was traveling for a San Antonio paper and printing-house, and was just returning from a trip to the extreme southern portion of Mexico. I was on my way from Oajaca to Tuxtla and Vera Cruz, on the gulf coast, intending to take a train at the latter place for the States. It was one of the most uncomfortable journeys I had ever undertaken. I had ridden for the better part of two days in a volancoche, a vehicle with two wheels and no seat, the bottom being made of ropes holding up a mattress, on which I could either recline or sit Turk fashion. The motive power consisted of three little mules abreast, spurred on by a worthy native, Jose by name, who alternately rode the left hand mule and ran alongside, reeling off a string of Spanish profanity that was positively shocking whenever the little animals would not go exactly as he wished them to. The road was one of the roughest I ever traveled over. The rocking and pitching of the volancoche reminded me more than anything else of a vessel in a storm at sea, only it was worse. It was in the early part of June, 1889,

thing else of a vessel in a storm at sea, only it was worse.

It was nearing night when we drew up at a small place called Oxite. There had, in times gone by, been quite a collection of houses at Oxite, but now, since the packtrains no longer passed through there, the main road having been somewhat changed, and running three leagues to the west, there was nothing there habitable but the posara, or hotel, which, in its day, had been quite a large building. The walls of a court, with sheds and sleeping apartments on the inside, showed its former dimensions, but only four of all the rooms were in a fit condition for a human being to live in. All in all, the building had a deserted and foriorn appearance. The regular inhabitants of the place were limited to three souls. Senor Don Tivurcio Beltran, his wife and daughter.

and daughter.

After supper I sat on the host's veranda with his family, chatting as much as my limited powers as a linguist would permit. Miss Juanita entertained me by singing several old Spanish and Mexican ballads in a way that thrilled me. She was very piquant, and what of music the dilapidated guitar lacked was made up by her really fine voice and our romantic surroundings. I was charmed, and though tired from my day's travel, it was with regret that I heard Don Tivurcio's polite offer to show me my quarters for the night. My room was one somewhat removed from the others, and furnished, as well as I remember. ers, and furnished, as well as I remember. with a broken stool, a jar of water and bull's hide; the latter, I knew from experience, was my bed, so spreading my blanket upon it, I lay down, but sleep I could not. The night was sultry, the apartment poorly ventilated, and there seemed to be a thousand creeping things on my body. I bore this as long as possible, and then, seizing my blanket, rushed out into the open air. After walking about awhile I spread my blanket under a stunted palm some distance from the house and, disrobing, I gave each of my garments a good shaking, and, having donned them, I lay down, determined to sleep as much of the night as possible

"Here," I said, "it is cool; I can sleep here." The thousand voices of a tropic night seemed to invite to slumber, and my feet were already on the threshold of dreamland when there came a breezy. whistling sound, and what I took to be large night bird swept past me, actually brushing my face. I must say this was brushing my face. I must say this was rather startling, but, looking about me and seeing nothing, I lay down again. Scarcely were my eyes closed before the rustling was heard again. Though this time its wings did not touch me, the creature passed quite near enough to bring a decided coolness to my face. I am not superstitious, but am ready to confess that just then every wild story and legend of ill-omened birds that I have ever heard or read come back to me with remarkable force, and for the moment I was as much terrified as a the moment I was as much terrified as a child listening to a blood-curdling ghost story. I lay still, however, for what else was left me? "It will never do," I said, "to go back to the house; I can never sleep in there, and—" those wings again! They came as regularly as the movements of a clock. Yes, with even fascinating precision, and fascinating is the word, for those wings now had an interest for me akin to magnetism. The regularity with which they came and went seemed analogous to the well-timed passes of a mesmerist.

Once more—they are here and gone! I was waiting anxiously now each time for their coming, and I remember thinking that the failure of my grial visitor to put in an appearance at the proper mount would remember

failure of my ærial visitor to put in an appearance at the proper moment would render me wretched. "Now," I said. "I can sleep," and I slept.

To my mind there is nothing well defined as regards the remainder of that night. I have a faint recollection of placing my hand on my neck and being startled when it came in contact with a large, living something—a something that struggled in my hand and was glued to my throat. There was another creature fastened to my cheek, near the left temple, and yet another cheek, near the left temple, and yet another was clinging to my breast, which I had left was chinging to my breast, which I had left bared, owing to the warmth of the night. Even in my semi-conscious state I was aware that these creatures were drawing the life-tide from my veins, but I had neither the strength nor inclination to rid myself of them. An utter indifference came over me. My mind was troubled by no regrets as to things past or misgivings in regard to the things of the future; for once in my life, at least, I experienced a sense of bsolute rest. Another moment and sleep was upon me. Not a dreamless sleep, though. It seemed that I was prone noontide within some shady grove, while the air was heavy with the breath of countess rare and beautiful flowers. Strange, shadowy forms, borne on huge pinions, circled about me, but their ever-restless wings cooled my fevered frame, and I felt no dread of them whatever. But at last I awoke. I was aroused by the frightened cries of Juanita. She was holding my head in her arms and I rememher hearing her say: "Awake, sir! awake! You should not sleep-My God! The blood the blood! O, mother, come at once. The poor American has been killed by the vampires. My God, what can I do! He is dead!" Then I felt one of her hands as she

placed it over my heart. I remember hearing her say, joyfully: "No: he lives. God, I thankthee." And then I lost con-It was five weeks before I recovered on ficiently to continue on my journey. Never in my life was I treated with more kind ness than by Don Tivurcio, his wife and

Hungarian Railroad Reform,

Hungary has effected a reform in railroad fares which is nothing short of revolution. On the state lines distances are divided into fourteen zones, running from ten to one hundred and forty miles. In the first zone first-class fare is one and six-tenth cents per mile. In the second and other zones the rate gradually increases to two and onehalf cents per mile. Over this distance there is no increase in fare, either relative or absolute. One may therefore travel several hundred miles for the same fare which is charged for 140 miles. This is a reduction of over 50 per cent. in rates, and has been attended by an enormous increase in travel, which more than offsets the reduction. There is food for thought in this scheme, which American railroads might do well to take up and consider.

Saying Something Nice.

Miss Springchicken (to Mr. Fresh, who has picked up her fan)-Thanks so much but this fan belongs to mamma. Fresh (atruggling to be gallant)-What, you still have a mamma?

At the Hotels. Frank B. Posey, of Petersburg, Rev John H. Lozier, of Iowa, and C. S. Hernly, of New Castle, registered at the New Denison yesterday.

F. C. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, is at the Bates House. He is on his way home from the East. He says that the English syndi-cate has taken hold of his famous flouringmills, and that the new arrangement was working smoothly.

And everything in Surgical Instruments and Appliances. WM. H. ARMSTRONG &

LOST.

LOST-Ladies' cameo ring Saturday afternoon.
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burg—A black-and-white spotted pointer-dog;

notch in right ear; answers to name of Fred; liberal
reward to finder. Address JACK PERRY, Edinburg, Ind.

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GUN WA refers, by permission, to any of the followingnamed people, each of whom have granted permission to GUN WA to use their names as reference, they having been cured by the Chinese Herb Remedies; some of them of complicated diseases of long standing. Others among the number had been pronounced incurable by American doctors. They are now well, and happy to be granted the opportunity of testifying to the great benefit they have received. The list of cures number among them four cases of cancer, two of consumption, several of complicated female weakness, rheumatism, catarrh. paralysis, blood poisoning, kidney and bladder trouble, chronic dyspepsia, constipation, dropsy, nervousness, malignant ulcers, tumors, goitre, sciatica, neuralgia, tapeworm, malaria, etc., and the various diseases that afflict mankind:

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Mrs. Matilda Pruner, Stone's Crossing, Ind.
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Thos. Goodwin, jr., New Cumberland, W. Va.
Mrs. C. S. Pettis, Union City, Ind.
Geo. W. Whitman (druggist), Albany, Ind.
Wallace Wingate, Albany, Ind.
Mrs. Richard Street, Mt. Jackson, Ind.
Mike J. Kelley, Muncie, Ind.
Albert N. Greene, 634 Second avenue, Pitts-Mrs. Sadie Farley, Lebanon, Ind. Wm. J. Crawford, Homestead, Pa. Mrs. B. Tschudy, 138 frwin avenue, Allegheny City, Pa.

Mattie Carroll, Flackville, Ind.

Mrs. Jacob Wendel, Madison, Ind.

Mrs. Fannie Martin, Cloverdale, Ind.

Mrs. Fannie Martin, Cloverdate, Ind.
Ella Armstrong, Brunswick, Ga.
John Shoup, Allegheny, Pa.
Mrs. C. W. Benbow, Anderson, Ind.
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M. E. McHaffey, Stilesville, Ind.
A. B. McDuffie, Shelbyville, Ind.
J. F. Buckles, Bicknell, Ind.
Charles Schott Prescent Ind. Charles Schott, Prescott, Ind. Charles Schott, Prescott, Ind.
Ernest Kleiser, Gosport, Ind.
James Carpenter, Lyons, Ind.
Mollie E. Rice, Coalsville, Ind.
Miss Annie Roberts, Grandview, Ind.
Miss Annie Roberts, Grandview, Ind.
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C. F. Solonberg, Franklin, Ind.
Miss Mary M. Jones, Edinburg, Ind.
John Ibrig and wife, Kokomo, Ind.
Henry B. Cawein, Shelbyville, Ind.
Robert Jenkins, Knightsville, Ind.
Charles Hartman (Hotel Hamelton), Pittsburg,

Miss Estella M. Dishon, Terre Haute, Ind. Alexander Davige, No. 7 Polk st., Chicago, Ill. John R. Toll, Noblesville, Ind. Mrs. Elgia A. Toll, Noblesville, Ind. P. Winsey, Brazil, Ind. C. C. Coffman, Bainbridge, Ind. W. Howell, Yorktown, Ind.

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J. E. McCray, 18 Blackford st., city. W. F. Stewart, Coalsville, Ind.

Robert Haversteck, West Indianapolis.

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the famous Chinese physician, who cannot, under American laws, practice medicine, has prepared a line of Chinese Herb Remedies for the cure of different diseases, and has opened parlors for their sale. He charges nothing for consultation, examination and advice, and only a small sum for his remedies, which have a justiy celebrated reputation. A friendly talk with Gun Wa costs nothing. All of the following, which Gun Wa calls "American diseases," yield readily and permanently to these gentle, yet powerful natural remedies—catarrh, cancer, tumors, rheumatism, weakness, tape-worm, piles, scrofula, bleed poisoning, dysentery, constipation, lumpago, dyspepsia, liver, kidney and bowel troubles and all nervous dis-

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GROFF-Mrs. Fannie Groff, wife of A. F. Groff, died Friday, May 9, at 7 p. m.; age, sixty years, four months and twenty-five days. Services Tuesday, May 13, at 2 p. m., at residence, near Haughville, Ind. Funeral at California-street M. E. Church, at 3 p. m. Burial at Crown Hill.

MOORHOUSE-Albert, at his home in Warren township, May 10, 1890, at 11 o'clock, from the ef-fects of wounds received at the battle of Nashville, ALDRICH—Hanns, wife of Royal Aldrich, at residence, 39 College avenue. Funeral Monday, 10 a.m. Friends invited.

FUNERAL NOTICE. A TTENTION—GEO. H. THOMAS POST, No. 17, A. G. A. R.—Comrades are requested to meet at Post Hall, at 9 o'cleck Monday morning, April 12, to attend the funeral of Comrade Albert Moorehouse, formerly of the Ninth Indiana Cavalry. Comrade Moorehouse died at his residence at Irvington, Ind., yesterday morning, at 10 o'clock, of the effects of a gunshot wound received at the battle of Nashville. The burial will be at Crown Hill. Carriages will be furnished for all comrades who will attend. Comrades of other posts are invited to attend. By order of

H. P. Hood, Adjutant. RELIGIOUS SERVICES Murphy Gospel Temperance Leagues.

THE MURPHY GOSPEL TEMPERANCE Leagues will hold a temperance love-feast at 4 p. m. Sunday, in the Seventh Presbyterian Church, corner Cedar and Elm. Everybody welcome. Seventh-Day Adventist. CERVICES at the S. D. A. House of Worship, 175 Central avenue, this evening at 7:20. Subject, "The Week in Scripture and in History," by Elder F. D. Starr. All cordially invited to attend.

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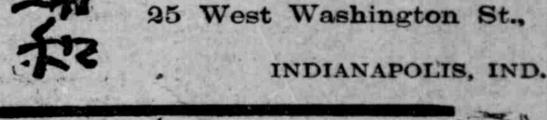
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R. D. Flaity, Shelbyville, Ind.
Mrs. Mollie Walker, Brinkman st., city.

Wm. Coston, 214 West Maryland st., city.
Mrs. Chas. Robinson, 630 Virginia ave., city.
Mrs. Jane James, 31 Roanoke st., city.
Mrs. Johanna Herman, Trowbridge st., city.
Ed James, Spring Valley, Ind.
W. T. Duncan, Terre Haute, Ind.
Mrs. Mattie Michaellis, Birmingham, Ala.
Mrs. Sarah Guthrie, Flackville, Ind.
W. H. Fisk, 259 East New York st., city.
Chas. M. Johnson, jr., West Indianapolis.
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> WANTED-A CIGAR-BROKER TO HANDLE O. Bex 58, Blue Ball, Pa. WANTED-A FEW GOOD MEN. CALL AT 71 Ingalis Block, 2 till 5 p. m., Saturday and Monday. Men with experience at canvassing for

AUCTION SALE. A UCTION SALE OF VALUABLE REAL EState—Will be sold on Monday afternoon, May 12,
at 2 o'clock, on the premises, lot No. 55, Woodruff
Place, with the improvements. This lot is the third
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fronting east, and is 80 feet front by 170 feet deep, to
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H. J. RHEIN, General Agent.

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., April 17, 1890.—Sealed proposals, in triplicate, subject to usual conditions, will be received here until 11 o'clock, a. m., (central standard time). Saturday, the 17th day of May, 1890, for furnishing, at the Q. M. Depot here, various articles of quariermaster's stores—such as various articles of quartermaster's stores—such as stationery, ranges, wagons, carts, wagon parts; blacksmiths', wheelwrights', carpenters', saddlers', painters', and miscellaneous tools; iron, hardware, paints, oils, rubber hose, horse and mule shoes, horse shoe nails, etc. Preference will be given to articles of domestic production or manufacture, conditions of quality and price (including in the price of foreign productions or manufactures the duty thereon) being equal. Government reserves the right to reject any or all proposals, and to accept the whote or any part of the supplies bid for. All information furnished on application to this office. Envelopes containing proposals should be marked "Proposals for Quarternaster's Stores," and addressed to Col. HENRY C. HODGES, Assistant Quartermaster general, U. S. Army, Depot Quartermaster.